



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 8. October, 1945.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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							GROUND FLOOR



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

Established 14th May,
1858.

Chairman :

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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING.

WE wish we could convey all that was stored in the greeting of an Australian prisoner of war who leaned from a bus in Pitt Street, waved his hat and called : "Home!"

The word leaped from his heart. This he regarded as compensation for suffering on the long route through hell, stopping at all sections.

He looked all right; just the sort of fellow you would think, who could swing again into the old job, if it were there. But we should remember that all is not well with him. He is being sustained by his spirit.

Here is where we should do some thinking. He, and all with him, are not the same in mind or in body as they were on leaving us. How could they be? They are being shaken as by a storm. They need time to recover their calm—time accompanied by understanding on our part. Gratitude, too.

Only by this human currency may we repay. Tattersall's Club will continue to keep faith with the living, as it will remember the dead.

Vol. 18 — No. 8.

October, 1945.

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS OCTOBER.

4th L. C. Wicks	14th H. Townend
K. J. Patrick	A. Leslie Cooper
5th F. P. Robinson	17th Hon. T. D. Mutch
6th E. W. Bell	21st E. R. Deveridge
S. V. Toose	22nd D. S. Orton
7th P. F. Miller	27th A. J. Moverley
9th S. S. Crick	31st Capt. C. Bartlett

NOVEMBER.

14th C. Salon	27th L. Noakes.
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. L. Carter	30th "Barney" Fay
26th R. R. Coote	

This club extends a warm welcome to those of its members who have returned from active service, congratulates them on their gallant achievements, and pledges itself to be with them on their re-entering civil life. Tattersall's Club is more than a place of bricks and mortar. Within its walls brotherhood lives.

Among those who have returned recently is Major William Alston Tebbutt, who was a staff officer of the Eighth Division. He was on board the Vyner Brooke and was later imprisoned in Sumatra and Singapore. He has made an official report on the atrocities from personal knowledge and the examination of witnesses.

Others to return are Major E. A. Marsden, and Flying-Officer Geoffrey Armstrong, R.A.A.F., the latter of whom was taken prisoner in Java.

Only 12 of the airmen who took part in the Battle of Britain are living. At the outset, one Briton to five Huns was considered "fair combat" by the British. Britain has survived through the ages because she has always had men and women who are prepared to die for their country. We should think of this when we, or some of us, are prone to disparage British tradition and its ancient customs.

It was inevitable that Randwick should change; that many familiar faces and scenes should pass with time. A decade hence, racegoers will be saying much the same. As we grow older we are disposed to cherish the past in which we saw things through the eyes of youth. Yet I think it is a reasonable regret

that Randwick should have lost its social atmosphere; that so many in choosing the "good things" should miss the good things which were the charm of racing. Not our years, but the age in which we live, must answer this indictment—if it may be heard above the scoffing of time.

* * *

Randwick would fall out of sequence for me if I did not first do the round of the stalls and take in the picture in colour and conformation of the thoroughbreds. Racing is made by the quality of the horses, irrespective of how they may fare. The spectacle of a parade in the birdcage thrills me every bit as

TRIBUTE TO CHAIRMAN.

At 5 p.m. on October 22nd a Cocktail Party will be held in the Club Room, when a portrait in oils of the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) will be unveiled.

This is the form in which a tribute will be paid to Mr. Hill for his service to the Club as Chairman for the past thirteen years, and as Treasurer previously.

All members are cordially invited to be present.

much as an exciting finish. Possibly this is because I am a horse-lover, and inheritance has given me "an eye for a horse." Form leaves me flat by comparison, and a pedigree is worth more generally than a performance. Perhaps my proper place is with the horse in its natural element.

* * *

One should admire talent in any sphere, while keeping a rein on admiration and realising always that talent has its degrees and its distinctions. Darby Munro's driving of Shannon to victory in the Epsom was a talented performance. This was not the first time in which he had shown himself as a talented jockey.

Certainly, he had a good horse under him, but, as the race was run, it took a good rider to land the money. A rider of less talent and a horse of less quality might have finished among the also-rans.

This example is not exceptional in a general survey, and it will occur again among other combinations of riders and horses. Otherwise, racing would lose some of its relish. For all that, I cannot place jockeys before artists and scientists, however dumbfounded this may leave the puthunters.

* * *

If you are looking at the map and studying the trends, you may agree that the peacemakers are making heavy going. The old nationalisms, founded more or less by the old personalities, are blazing again; despite attempts at stamping out in conferences, we are hearing again of "spheres of influence." We are witnessing racial and expansionist movements, threatening the world again with dynamite. The English-speaking peoples will need to face the peace with the same unity as they carried through the war, if the world is to be spared another holocaust within the next decade. In a common peril, the English-speaking peoples must retain a common cause. Their combined strength is the best bulwark against a resurgence of gangsterdom.

* * *

We regret to record the death of Mr. M. J. Maunsell on September 22 and of Mr. R. J. Nathan on September 24. Mr. Maunsell became a member of this club on 22.1.40 and Mr. Nathan on 20.7.25.

* * *

Mr. A. W. Thompson, squire of famous Widden Stud, A.J.C. committeeman, and known throughout the racing world as a great sportsman, died just as this issue was going to press. Our reference to his passing, while necessarily brief in the circumstances, is none the less sincere. Mr. Thompson has been a member of this club since 28/5/1917.

Flying Officer Walter A. Granger, son of club member W. R. Granger, has been awarded the D.F.C. This gallant young man made 35 operational flights over Germany, and one over Holland, in a Lancaster bomber. We share with his parents a pride in the well-merited decoration bestowed on so worthy a warrior.

* * *

"Daily Mirror" cable from New York: "Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the most famous and unorthodox architects in America, believes, and hopes, that cities are dying.

*I stood with her at Watson's Bay,
Before the City died—
At Watson's Bay where we had
walked*

*And watched the witching tide,
A foamy, spangled bridal gown
Draped fondly on the sea,
Faith's symbol in the cherished
years
Of immortality.*

*I stood with her at Watson's Bay,
A shroud was on the tide,
Then clasped her close in memory
Before the City died.*

* * *

In an address I heard by H. J. Geddes, Garland Lecturer in Animal Husbandry at Sydney University, he referred to "the drag of the race" in breeding; otherwise, the failure of ordinary sires and dams to reproduce consistently stock of their own exceptional quality. He agreed that this drag—the tendency of the race, as with humans also, to keep revolving about its own mien or average—was responsible for a sire or a dam throwing a foal, which developed into a champion racehorse, and a duffer at the next foaling.

But, he said, breeding of racehorses and of dairy cattle differed in this respect: the aim in breeding dairy cattle was to produce a high general standard; in racehorses to produce outstanding individuality—otherwise, they were unprofitable and, therefore, useless.

* * *

The term Derby Day is a valiant attempt to maintain what should be the real spirit of the thing, but from the point of view of money-minded public-interest it's actually Epsom Day (wrote the Bulletin). There is of course, no Australian Derby to be the race of the year, as the three-

year-old tester is in England and even in the land of the dollar; but even if there were it is doubtful if it would attract anything like the public interest held by the Melbourne Cup and other big spring handicaps, the "Bulletin" concludes.

* * *

"The real spirit of the thing" raises a controversial issue. Custom, established by the years, decides the

Nobody with an "O" to his name will be found always in agreement with everybody, and he is, therefore, liable to be misunderstood occasionally by those holding positive views.

That might be written in all kindness by John Henry O'Dea, who died on October 5. He was never one to retreat from an opinion without a show of resistance; but, as with most of the race from which he derived his qualities, our good friend never bore resentment. He admired men of candour, but disliked bluster.

Jack O'Dea was a shrewd man of affairs, and also a man of scruples. His nature was in essence charitable; his sense of public duty called him to untiring effort in this club as a committee-man, and in the sphere of local government. Those who knew him best will miss him most, remembering his frank friendliness, his steadfast loyalty and his constant willingness to aid the not-so-fortunate.

Mr. O'Dea became a member of Tattersall's Club on Feb. 5, 1917. He was first elected to the committee on April 19, 1927, and held his place through a succession of elections. This club represented to him not only a great interest as a member, but a great responsibility as an administrator. His contribution in the years was invaluable; his name is inscribed imperishably on the records. We all felt a genuine pang at his passing.

relative importance of races. No race in England could supplant in public interest the Derby. No race in Australia could (at this stage) rank higher than the Melbourne Cup. The Derby is a classic, technically; but the Melbourne Cup is acknowledged here and overseas as being "the greatest handicap event in the world;" and "the real spirit of Melbourne Cup day is not sur-

passed in any other country. This applies relatively to Sydney's great handicap doubles.

* * *

It looks as if England-Australia cricket Tests will be played here this season. England's idea was to send a Services team this season and to postpone the Tests until 1947-48. Time was sought to discover and develop players. That might be justified if the emphasis were placed on winning; but the main consideration should be to revive the game; and that is the view being taken in Australia, although not expressed officially.

What does it matter who wins or, for that matter, who loses? The game's the thing. Making international issues of Test matches, as in the past, had its climax in the horrible bodyline controversy. We don't want that repeated, for reasons other than those associated with cricket.

* * *

The foregoing should not be read as to impugn English sportsmanship; simply, the English move slowly in some things; besides which, they are confronted with post-war problems such as we should not fail to appreciate. Possibly, there is a minority with an eye to victory—as there is in Australia. Generally, the broader view prevails.

* * *

It is important that we should not, at this stage—we might even say, critical stage—of the world's history, get sport out of perspective. Sport serves a purpose, but only when related rationally to other enterprises. The British Commonwealth of Nations, in the international sense, is still batting on a sticky wicket.

* * *

"Our spoons," wrote the canteen manager on the notice board, "are not your medicine—to be taken after every meal."

* * *

Eight points of the law—a good cause, a good purse, an honest and skilful attorney, good evidence, able counsel, an upright judge, an intelligent jury, and good luck.—Old Saying.

(Continued on Page 11.)

WORLD WAR I.

When King George V. Gave the Retort Courteous

It has not yet been announced who is to write the history of the war just ended. But it is interesting to remember that it took 20 years for the English editors to decide who was to blame, etc., and it took 9,000 pages to print the data gathered.

Among the editors were Dr. G. P. Gooch and Dr. Harold Temperley. One of the most remarkable "incidents" brought to light was the manner in which the late King George V. tried to prevent the war. A copy of His Majesty's letter to Sir E. Gray is reproduced in photograph in "British Documents on the Origins of the War," by which august title the volumes are known.

The letter was sent from York Cottage and is dated December 8, 1912, and is in the King's own handwriting.

"My dear Gray,

Prince Henry of Prussia paid me a short visit here three days ago. In the course of a long conversation with regard to the present European situation, he asked me point blank whether in the event of Germany and Austria going to war with Russia and France, England would come to the assistance of those latter Powers.

I answered undoubtedly yes under certain circumstances. He expressed surprise and regret, but did not ask what the certain circumstances were.

He said he would tell the Emperor what I had told him.

Of course Germany must know we would not allow either of our friends to be crippled.

I think it is only right you should know what passed between me and the Emperor's brother on this point.

I hope to see you when you come to London at the end of this week.

Believe me

Very sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) George R.I.

The works quoted can now be purchased.

If any of our members wants to wade through the whole lot they will find much of absorbing interest and it will be a lifetime job to go carefully from first to last page.

The letter was deemed of utmost

importance by Gray who, in his own words, later, averred the war had been averted for at least one year, during which time peace negotiations were possible.

Full and important documents have been reproduced and some amazing evidence revealed.

Among them are details of the British position in the Mediterranean and the possibility, at the time, of

British evacuation of that sea as the result of the Entente between Britain and France.

Those who like research matter will find plenty to absorb closest attention. There were many things that happened from 1910 and onwards which staged a "repeat performance" in 1939 and plunged the countries of the world into the bloodiest of battles.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 Elizabeth Street,
Sydney.

24th September, 1945.

Notice is hereby given that a Special Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 14th November, 1945, at 5 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing a member to fill the casual vacancy on the Committee caused by the resignation of Mr. David A. Craig.

Nominations to the vacant office, signed by two members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, will be received by the Secretary up to 5 p.m., 24th October, 1945.

By Order of the Committee,

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Billiard Rules That Players Should Know

Last month it was stated that this issue would contain some advice to snooker players by Joe Davis, world champion.

Since then, however, there has been an incident in a major Sydney billiard tournament which proved again how scant is the knowledge on general playing rules by cueists who should know better.

An explanation of just what transpired may clarify the air for others. In the game under review, which was an important quarter-final, and played between an expert and an experienced player, it is alleged the lastnamed touched the red ball with the sleeve of his shirt while in the act of placing his cue ball into position to fire from hand.

The position of the balls was:

Red ball was in baulk and near the cushion name plate. Opposing white was practically on the red spot at the other end of the table.

The cueist placed his own ball near the centre of the D and, it is alleged, touched the red when doing so.

Several important rules were immediately brought to bear.

First: The referee states he did not see the alleged infringement.

Second: If the red ball was touched it was a foul, and constituted a stroke.

Third: Had the non-striker claimed a foul there and then the referee, under the rules, would have been enabled to consult with spectators whom he considered best placed to assist him in arriving at his decision.

Four: No such claim was made, and the stroke, as intended, was played before the non-striker appealed.

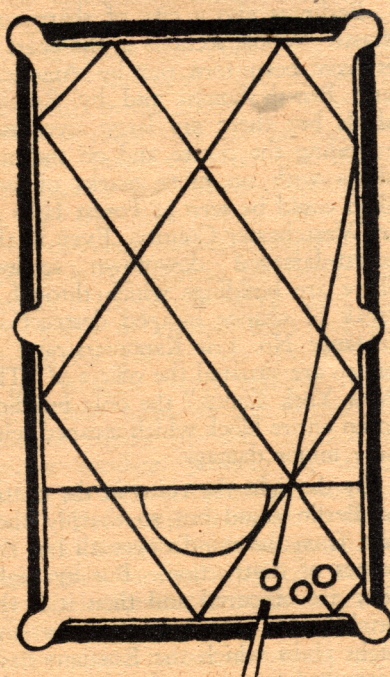
Five: Because the stroke as played was, in the referee's opinion, perfectly fair, he disallowed the foul. Because—

Six: The rules distinctly state that "If a foul is not awarded by

the referee or claimed by the non-striker before the next stroke is made, it is condoned."

Position Clear.

Main points are that the stroke as played, if a foul had already been committed, was the **second shot**, and all that had happened before that had been condoned.



They'd shoot you in Mexico if you played this shot. It is Walter Lindrum's famous nine-cushion cannon. The straight lines show the necessary contacts. It can only be played on the very fastest of tables.

There was quite a rumpus over the ruling, but the referee was well guarded by the Official Rules issued by the B.A. & C.C.

An excellent example of how the "foul shot" rule operates was shown in an Australian Championship amateur final played in Sydney between the late Les Hayes and Goldsmith, of South Australia, in 1932.

The referee, on that occasion, handed the wrong white ball to Goldsmith, after that player had made a four shot.

He continued on his merry way with a series of losing hazards off the red, but when near the 50 mark the referee noticed the mistake.

Goldsmith scored all points up to the last shot. All previous "Foul" strokes had been condoned.

It is the player's duty to see he, at all times, plays with the right ball.

He has definite obligations.

The referee is not permitted to warn him about any phase of the game before the stroke is played unless it be on a question of fact.

He can reply, if asked: "Which is my ball," by saying Spot or Plain, as the case may be. But, he is not allowed to say, for instance (pointing to a particular ball) that is yours.

The referee, under the rules, can only give a decision as to whether or not a ball is in or out of baulk, when the player is in hand.

Another Important Rule.

Another important rule is that "contact with the tip of the cue and the cue ball constitutes a stroke."

That looks simple enough, but is really a trap for the unwary.

The moment a ball is touched, as explained, the score is "one away" to the opponent. But, in the vast majority of cases, the striker continues on and make an almost simultaneous second slash at the ball, and, naturally, is fouled.

Assume the scores to be 249 all in a game of 250 up.

"A" is the striker and "just touches" his ball.

He cannot by any stretch of imagination then make a foul shot because the game is all over. He gave "one away" to his opponent.

It would obviously be unfair to call "foul" spot the balls and force "B" to win the game a second time.

The foregoing are just some of the rules which, unfortunately, too many players have never taken the trouble to learn.

BERLIN—WITHOUT HITLER

By TANIA LONG

This, the capital that Hitler wanted to purge of all alien influence, has become the most polyglot city in Europe. The Russian, English, French and German languages mingle in a sort of modern Babel, added to which are numerous dialects of Soviet Asia. Red banners and flags of the Western Allies fly everywhere. Hammer and sickle have replaced the swastika and words of Stalin painted in red on huge, white placards mock the memory of the Fuehrer whose bones probably lie beneath the rubble of the Chancellery—Berlin's most-visited ruin to which hundreds of Allied soldiers are brought daily on a sightseeing tour. All over the city are street signs in Russian and code signs and directions leading to various American, British or French units. On the walls of public buildings proclamations to the Germans are printed in four different languages.

From the standpoint of language at least, Berlin has been internationalised. Physicians, lawyers, even many ordinary householders have translated their names and a description of their businesses into Rus-

sian and English and tacked these notices outside their homes or offices. In theatres and night clubs where the German capital's foreign conquerors meet and rub elbows entertainers are introduced in three languages, and at the Kabaret der Komiker, once famous for its political satire, one little comedy skit has been ingeniously arranged so it can be played in English, Russian and German at the same time for the benefit of those who understand only one of those languages.

Berlin is also a city of sharp contrasts. Whole sections in the heart of it have been torn out by American and British bombs and by Russian shells but there are large areas surrounding the centre and on the outskirts with no more marks of war than could be seen at Forest Hills or in Westchester County. Even in the worst-damaged downtown sections there are buildings which through a freak of chance escaped destruction. Instance No. 1 is Kanonierstrasse in which are situated the offices of "The New York Times," the only building in an entire block which escaped with only minor damage.

By daylight the ruins in the centre of Berlin stand out so sharply they blot from the mind's eyes all but the scenes of destruction. But by night they are obscured and then it is the brightly lit interiors of cafes and night clubs which the Russians have permitted to reopen that impress the visitor. Here, if it were not for Red Army officers whom one sees at tables with pretty girls, one might imagine one's self back in Paris or London.

These places are just as lavish, just as crowded and just as gay, even though there is little to drink except "Kriegsbier" and watered red wine. For that matter, one might imagine one's self back in Berlin before the war, when despite Nazi edicts forbidding jazz as "degenerate," night clubs did a flourishing trade. The civilians one sees in these places today are of much the same type one saw there six years ago. Pale, unhealthy looking young men dressed in what is intended to be the latest London fashion, with enormous lapels and exaggeratedly padded shoulders,

or fat, perspiring, tired business men of the variety encountered in every big city in the world.

There are the same girls—one almost recognises them—slightly soiled, harshly made up and perpetually smiling. Only now they appear a little hungrier and more eager.

I left Berlin the week after the Germans marched into Poland in September, 1939, and spent most of the period of the war in London. Although I had lived and worked here for years and life for foreigners in the German capital was pleasant until the Nazi system began to encroach, I had never cared for the city or its people. Berlin holds no nostalgic memories for me such as Paris has, and when I returned to Berlin two days after the American troops made their entry it was only with a feeling of professional curiosity.

The only creature here for which I had any affection was my gray African parrot, which I had had to leave with a German maid. But he, I was sure, had succumbed to bombs or been put away because there was nothing to feed him. I had also left behind all of my furniture, silver, paintings and books, because the German regulations for taking them out were strict and difficult to comply with. For instance, there was the required "Unbedenklichkeitsbescheinigung," a paper as difficult to obtain as the word is to pronounce.

Not wishing to spend the first year of the war untangling my possessions from a maze of red tape—besides, it was a moot point where to take them; it didn't look any safer in France or England—I stored my furniture at a big warehouse and left my silver with a pleasant German couple who lived in the apartment over me and turned the parrot over to the maid.

Naturally, I never expected to find any of my belongings when I returned. Accounts I had read of destruction in Berlin, which some described as a big smouldering pile of ruins, gave no reason for optimism. Yet not a thing of mine was lost. The furniture had a miraculous escape when bombs tore down most of the warehouse, leaving only the small



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corner standing in which the furniture happened to be stored; the family silver had been loyally looked after by the German couple who meanwhile had lost everything they themselves possessed, and the parrot I found still corrupting the neighbourhood in which he spent the war years with his screams of English profanity.

These personal details are mentioned merely to emphasise a point that should be made about Berlin. The city is no means flat on its back. Rather it is like a large community which has just undergone a serious disaster. A great many people have died or fled, a great many buildings are wrecked. Public utilities are functioning only partly. There is a scarcity of food. But, despite all this, the great mass of people still carry on somehow.

Of course there are many, like my German acquaintance, who, wanting to save her belongings from bombs, moved them to a village eighty miles north-east of Berlin and left them there. There is little likelihood that she will ever find them again even if eventually she is allowed to travel that far to see.

For her, a typical upper-middle class German woman, life has changed radically—but so it has for a large part of the city's population. When I first called on her she came to the door dishevelled and dressed in old smock which was covered with dust. She explained that she had just finished her tour of duty in the "bucket

brigade," removing rubble from a bombed building at the corner of the square.

"You've got to work in order to eat these days," she said somewhat ruefully.

All Germans are in fact liable to five hours public work daily if not already employed. If for reasons of illness or on some other ground they do not work, they receive a non-worker's food-ration card, the lowest of all.

Within half an hour, however, my German acquaintance had changed and was ready for a tea date at the Hotel Adlon.

This well-known hostelry on Unter den Linden in peacetime a favourite stopping place for Americans, had been badly damaged. But its paved open court in the centre had survived and it is there that the fashionable meet for lunch or afternoon tea—even though they have to reach it via the tradesmen's back alley, the front entrance having collapsed.

This is all typical of Berlin in general. Its people work hard by day, stand in endless lines outside food stores and at bus and trolley stops, struggle with leaking roofs and broken windows and engage in constant barter of one commodity against another, pinning up their notices on trees or on any convenient place. Yet when the work is done and life's immediate necessities have been taken care of they can sit in any of hundreds of open-air cafes sipping watery beer or attend any of 180 movie houses or twenty legitimate theatres and concert halls.

Among the shows are a drama by Schiller, two new plays which, judging from reviews in the local papers are pretty terrible, and Will Schaffer's variety at the Kabarett der Komiker, as gay and entertaining a production as you can hope to see anywhere. Its theme song, "Berlin will rise again," incidentally, brings the house down every time it is sung.

On Sundays you have a choice of attending the horse races at Karlsruhorst, boating on the Wannsee, or sunning on its shores, visiting the street fair or spending the afternoon at the Berlin zoo. The last named place, as it is right next to a main railroad station, has suffered much from raids and presents a pathetic and bedraggled appearance, but it

still has an elephant, monkeys, antelopes and lesser animals to entertain the children. Tea is served on the terraces from silver teapots by frock-coated waiters to the strains of a Bavarian band.

Naturally Berlin also has its black market restaurants where one can get a fine meal including steak—probably horse-meat but tender and fresh—for 20 dots. per person. These restaurants are crowded with Allied officers, but equally with civilians and everyone seems to have a fine time.

In spite of all the troubles and all the destruction, life in Berlin appears more nearly normal than in any other large German city. Although business and financial life has been at a standstill and will only slowly be revived, Berlin's entertainments and night life are far bigger than London's during the difficult years of the blitz. People claim to be going hungry, yet they don't appear so, and are in fact getting more to eat than the Dutch and Belgians got for years and more than Bavarians are getting right now.

Yet scratch a Berliner and you find a German. He always has got to complain about something, like his brothers in the Rhineland, Bavaria and elsewhere throughout the conquered Reich. He is finding excuses and blaming others for his present misfortunes. In the last war it was the Kaiser and the monarchists who were to blame. This time it is Hitler and the Nazis.

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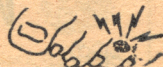
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it's a good formula

CARNIVAL NIGHT

Carnival Night in the club on September 20, reaped £845/8/2 for division among U.N.R.R.A., Chinese Comforts Fund, War Veterans' Appeal and Anti-T.B. Appeal. As previously, members responded generously and the great work of voluntary helpers once more assisted to stamp the function with success. To date, the aggregate sum returned by all Carnival Nights is £9,235/1/4.

The Committee records its pride in this achievement, and acknowledges gratefully the co-operation and response of members on every occasion. Duty has been faithfully done, and the club has gained in status among the general public as a result.

The Club expresses its gratitude to the following voluntary helpers:—

Mrs. F. Gately, Mrs. A. Codey, Mr. Mark Barnett and Members of his staff, Messrs. H. G. Warburton, F. J. Empson, S. Peters, J. Eaton, K. F. Williams, Fred Paul, W. R. Granger, L. P. Hughes, P. Smith, W. S. Crawford, Claude Spencer and W. Lander.

Donations in goods or cash were received from:—

Messrs. W. I. Hill, W. P. Stimson, W. B. Lewis, A. Klippel and C. R. Tarrant.

THE CLUB'S WAR EFFORTS

STALLS, MARTIN PLACE :

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
The Lord Mayor's Appeal Day, 1/12/1939....	625	6	0			
The Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal Day, 15/3/1940	350	3	0			
"Australia Day," 4/10/1940	284	14	8			
"Red Cross Day," 6/12/1940	238	2	8			
Comforts Fund Appeal Day, 23/5/1941....	366	13	0			
"V" for Victory Drive, 5/9/1941	349	15	3			
				2,214	14	7

RACE MEETINGS :

"Carrington Stakes Day," 27/12/1940, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Fund	2,700	9	1			
"Carrington Stakes Day," 28/12/1941, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Fund	5,216	11	2			
"Prisoners of War Fund," 23/5/1942.....	3,802	7	9			
				11,719	8	0

DONATIONS TO :

Red Cross Race Meeting, 11/12/1943	500	0	0			
A.C.F. Race Meeting, 18/3/1944	500	0	0			
Red Cross Race Meeting, 2/9/1944	600	0	0			
A.C.F. Race Meeting, 10/3/1945	500	0	0			
Red Cross Race Meeting, 25/8/1945	600	0	0			
				2,700	0	0

CARNIVAL NIGHTS, CLUB HOUSE :

28th August, 1941	267	9	9			
30th July, 1942	379	12	11			
17th December, 1942	578	12	5			
17th June, 1943	965	3	0			
27th July, 1944	1,664	13	3			
16th November, 1944	1,816	5	6			
22nd February, 1945	1,217	16	4			
20th September, 1945	845	8	2			
				9,235	1	4
				£25,869	3	11

Don't Wash Your Hair WITH SOAP!



There's trouble "ahead" for men who wash their hair with soap. Ordinary soaps contain too much alkali—a harsh chemical that dries the scalp, brittles the hair and retards growth. A quick daily "work-out" with Colinated Foam Shampoo, however,

gives a neat, well-groomed appearance to the most unruly hair. Colinated Foam replaces the natural oils of the scalp lost by exposure to sun, wind and water—makes hair softer, more pliable, easier to comb, and keeps it in place.

Colinated Foam Shampoo

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.

If it's a Clinton-Williams product,
it's a good formula

GOT THAT DON'T-WANT-TO-WORK-FEELING?

Check up on yourself

- ☐ Do you tire easily—feel "ALL-IN"?
- ☐ Are you nervous, jittery, irritable?
- ☐ No appetite or desire for food?
- ☐ Suffer with skin blemishes, pimples?
- ☐ Do you suffer with muscular weakness?

Read this carefully...

The above are symptoms of constipation. Let Regulax bring you the safe, dependable relief your system needs. Regulax is a vegetable laxative that ensures internal cleanliness. Be regular with Regulax Pills.

REGULAX

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.

If it's a Clinton-Williams product
it's a good formula

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!



MR. SMITH



REGRETS



HE DIDN'T
USE

A bald head is the result of neglected dandruff. A quick daily massage with Crystolis Rapid will destroy the hidden dandruff parasite that is causing your hair to fall out... and will check baldness NOW! Crystolis Rapid cleanses and invigorates your scalp... keeps your hair young and luxuriant... stimulates new growth. At all chemists.

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.

If it's a Clinton-Williams product
it's a good formula

Sport News from Round the World

Big Money and No Nonsense.

Mr. Ken Austin, now almost a New Zealander, but still well known in Sydney, keeps himself well informed on all matters appertaining to the thoroughbred.

Recently he received from Mr. E. E. Consell, of the British Bloodstock Agency in London, an interesting letter on Dante and the offspring of Nearco.

The letter states:—

"There was no nonsense about those great offers for Dante. One hundred thousand guineas was offered for the British Isles. In my presence on July 9, Mr. Benson made an offer of £125,000 for Dante. Sir Eric Ohlson declined to accept or think about it. Benson then said, 'Well, good luck to you. Perhaps I shall then offer you even more than £125,000.' I think breeders in this country would be prepared to consider seven years' purchase at £500 at share. Anyway, it would take at least five seasons to 'find out' Dante. In the meantime most people would have been able to sell his offspring for very big prices and to recover a great deal of their outlay.

"I think it is likely the blow in the eye affected Dante in the Two Thousand Guineas. It is a pity he was beaten in that race."

Great Trainer Passes — Death of Hon. George Lambton.

The Hon. George Lambton, fifth son of the Earl of Durham, who died recently at the age of 84, was one of the most successful trainers ever to saddle-up a horse in England.

Only a few days prior to his death he announced that he had relinquished his licence and would be succeeded by his son, Edward George Lambton.

By his death the Turf has lost one of its most colourful personalities. A trainer for over half a century, he held a record of successes in classic races that has rarely been beaten. In addition to the Derby twice, he trained the winners of the Oaks

twice, the St. Leger four times, the Two Thousand Guineas once and the One Thousand Guineas four times.

His classic successes were:—

Derby.—Sansovino (1924), Hyperion (1933).

Oaks. — Canterbury Pilgrim (1896), Keystone II. (1906).

Two Thousand Guineas.—Colorado (1926).

One Thousand Guineas.—Canyon (1916), Diadem (1917), Ferry (1918), Tranquil (1923).

St. Leger. — Swynford (1910), Keysoe (1919), Tranquil (1923), Hyperion (1933).

Mr. Lambton was the leading trainer in 1906, 1911 and 1912.

In his young days he was a noted amateur jockey. He made many unsuccessful attempts to win the Grand National, but he won the National Hunt Steeplechase on Glen Thorpe in 1888. A fall in 1892 threatened to make him a cripple for life, and it ended his career as a steeplechase rider.

The following year he was asked by the late Lord Derby to take charge of his training establishment at Newmarket.

So began an association with Lord Derby, father and son, which was not broken until the end of 1933.

Long Association.

Up to that time Lambton had been trainer to Lord Derby for 25 years, with the exception of the years 1927 to 1930, when Frank Butters acted as trainer under his management. Prior to 1908 Lambton had trained for fifteen years for Lord Derby's father.

Lambton set up as a public trainer in 1934 at the Kremlin House stables, Newmarket, which he had bought. He started with fewer than a dozen horses, but had nearly fifty under his charge at the end of his second year.

Lambton's successes in important handicaps were legion. He won the Lincolnshire Handicap twice, three Chester Cups, the Ebor Handicap, Northumberland Plate, Queen's Prize, and the Victoria Cup. He

trained the winners of no fewer than 20 Liverpool Cups—19 for the House of Stanley and one for Lord Wolverton.

His last winner was Golden Cloud, at Newmarket, on Dante's Derby Day.

Lambton had few equals as a judge of the possibilities of a thoroughbred. When the Aga Khan decided to take up racing on an extensive scale in England he commissioned Lambton to buy yearlings for him, and this laid the foundation of the studs which have produced so many classic winners.

In 1902, with the object of waking up the authorities to the evils of the practice, Lambton doped five of his horses, which were incorrigible rogues, after informing the stewards of what he intended to do. Four of them won races and the other was second. The upshot of the experiment was that a rule was passed, making doping illegal.

(Continued on Page 10.)

DANDRUFF GOES!



After a few applications of McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . leaving the scalp clean and fresh. McMahon's is quickly effective for scurf, itching and dryness of the scalp and for falling hair. Good, too, for cradle-cap . . . because McMahon's may be used on the tenderest scalp. McMahon's Hair Restorer promotes growth, keeps the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.
Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER

"Magic Eye" for Greyhounds.

Greyhound Racing Association is to experiment with photographic finishes at the White City, London, as soon as the apparatus can be shipped from America. The Jockey Club has been informed of the intended experiment, and one of the club's members will be present when the apparatus is installed.

The "magic eye" with which the G.R.A. is to experiment, is the latest type, and it is considered almost certain that it will be installed on the more important greyhound tracks in England by the end of the year. The camera is mobile, and can be taken from course to course.

The Arab Horse Returning to Arabia.

Lady Wentworth's book has long been expected, but lovers of the Arab horse will agree that it has been well worth waiting for; this is particularly the case, as it forms the companion volume of her previous work, "Thoroughbred Racing Stock."

The delay in the publishing is to the credit, rather than otherwise, of the publishers. They have shown great restraint in waiting until they had available the skilled craftsmen who would be capable of producing the book as it deserves to be produced—as a model of the publisher's art. The manuscript had been put into type before the war; the paper and the binding materials were all ready; but "The Authentic Arabian Horse" was too valuable a book to be spoiled by inferior work. It had to be, and is, a unique production.

The book must be judged on its merits as a history and, one might also write, an encyclopaedia of the Arab horse. The authoress has not spared herself in collecting and collating a mass of material which, to the ordinary individual, is almost overwhelming. No Arab lover who can afford it will fail to secure a copy; but there must also be a considerable section of the general public which will find delight in its fascinating pages, and especially in its wonderful illustrations.

Lady Wentworth seems to have collected—and sifted—all the legends and stories which have ever surrounded the Arab horse since the earliest days. She has enriched

her theme from the deep treasures of her own experience, and has adorned her book with the considerable section which she has devoted to the life and work of the late Lady Anne Blunt. These chapters are amongst the most charming and romantic features of a fascinating book.

The average reader, opening the book for the first time, will perhaps be surprised, not to say distressed, to find that Lady Wentworth, in order to make good her case that the modern thoroughbred owes his excellence entirely to his Arab descent, has attacked the work and theories of the late J. B. Robertson—affectionately known to everyone as "The Professor"—in a manner which is hardly consistent with her professed desire to present her facts objectively.

She has clearly set herself the task, with the sincerity which is born of conviction, to de-bunk Robertson's conclusions, based on his belief that the thoroughbred originated from the fusion of the Eastern strains with those of the native English running horse.

Whether Robertson's reputation will survive the blitz, and especially the pin-pointed attack concentrated into eleven pages in the early part of her book, is a matter for scientists and historians to decide. Robertson's researches are perhaps best expounded and crystallised in his chapter entitled "The Origin of the Thoroughbred," which forms the opening chapter in "Flat Racing" in the Lonsdale Library series.

Lady Wentworth's theories and conclusions, happily for the general reader, valuable and entertaining as they may be—and, let it be made clear, substantiated by a mass of evidence, fully documented—do not by any means take charge of her book, any more than Darwin's conclusions dominate the pages of a modern encyclopaedia.

If there is a dominant factor in the book it is the way in which it presents, in a hundred different aspects, the virtues and characteristics of the Arab horse.

Alternatively, it might be said that the dominant factor is the range and quality of the amazing number of illustrations which adorn it; the word adorn is used literally.

All will be astonished at the virtuosity displayed by the authoress in her capacity of photographer and artist. How her publishers kept pace with her exuberance and enthusiasm in this respect remains a war-time mystery.

The reader will be overcome with the lavish display which is spread out for him, as for a feast. Here he will find a picture, in colour, of the authoress's own oil painting of "Rissla, the old thoroughbred Kehilan"; here will be a portrait of famous Old Bald Peg or, if you will, of Nearco; there are pictures of the beautiful Palomino or of a queer little creature called the Arabian Jerboa (which looks like a cross between a rat and a rabbit, which is certainly not a horse). The illustrations, in short, comprise a museum and an art gallery in one.

Naturally, the world-famous Crabbet Park Stud has a chapter to itself. In having preserved it Lady Wentworth has undoubtedly made a contribution to the maintenance of the breed which cannot be overestimated. The lay reader may judge of this by the fact that the stud is to this day contributing to the supply of high-class Arab stallions to—Arabia.

The authoress concludes on a disturbing note which, unfortunately, is supported all too strongly by outside evidence. She describes, when explaining the deterioration of the Arab horse in Arabia (to the extent that his very existence is at stake), how the horse for various reasons is rapidly dying out in the country of its origin. She also explains the decline in the breeding of camels, as a result of the mechanisation of the Great Meccan Pilgrimage.

The pilgrims now go by car and motor-coach, and now the tribes, having no sale or use for them (specifying particularly the camels), are ceasing to breed them. So this is what the brave new world is doing for the Arab!

A record of all principal sales of all types of thoroughbreds, in some cases going back to 1880, will be found in an appendix towards the end of the book. The preparation of this must have entailed an immense amount of labour and research.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

CHAMPION OF THE HORSE

This is the title the late Sir Walter Gilbey might have claimed. He never lost interest in the Turf, although he was not outstanding as an owner; in the show ring he was always a prominent figure, at Olympia or Richmond, and there was no better opinion on the merits of an exhibit than his. For the farm he was a stalwart supporter of Shires and heavy horses, and, in fact, declared that agriculture would decline once farmers sacrificed horse and cattle breeding to mechanism; and for the horse of commerce his London Cart Horse Parade, served as an incentive for owners and drivers to take a pride in the turnout and well-being of their horses. The horse and all that concerned it was a life interest which he had inherited from his father and grandfather.

In his earlier years he had a pack of beagles and hunted with the Puckeridge and Essex hounds. As a pigeon shot he was unexcelled in the days when trap shooting was legal, and he was a fine game shot. On sporting art he was an expert, and had a notable collection of pictures which he inherited from his father, to which he added. During the war his famous collection of angling pictures and prints came on the market.

The late Tom Cannon trained for Sir Walter and he raced under N.H. rules and on the flat. One of his purchases, Rampion, had been owned by the Duke of Westminster, and had run third to Persimmon. Bought from T. Simpson Jay, he won several races for his new owner. But the best of his horses was Paper Money, which was third to Grand Parade and Buchan in the Derby of 1919, while another, which failed from wind trouble, after showing great promise as a two-year-old, was Polygram. The horse best known to the public carrying his chocolate and yellow colours, was probably Burnside.

* * *

Such racing as they have there apparently went on in Japan to the end, or near it. An American submarine crew, looking through the periscope shortly before the wind-up,

watched the Jap ponies galloping at Kamakura. They reported that they couldn't do any punting among themselves because Jap jockeys wear starters' numbers in small figures on their sleeves. This annoyed the sub. crew so much that they sank a ship and left.—The Bulletin.

* * *

What has High Caste to do with pathology? It's certainly a distant relationship, but here it is: Dr. McGovern, pathologist, who looked in at the club on his return from active service, is the son of the breeder of High Caste. He modestly described his father as "a farmer who breeds horses as a hobby."

My wife's birthday occurs this month. I shall not forget. The date is fixed in my conscious and sub-conscious minds. But one is prone to slip when it comes to wedding anniversaries. Relatively, why? This date is proof of pre-destination; something to which we were fore-sworn, or foredoomed, at birth. Yet, how many men note it in their office calendars several days previously, as an insurance against forgetfulness?

* * *

Letter from a Surrey woman to a provincial newspaper: "Please cancel further insertions of my advertisement for a large unfurnished room. After four weeks there has only been one reply—from a lunatic, who offered me his room in an asylum."



Reproduced here in part is a programme of Tattersall's Club's race meeting on January 1, 1866.

Among those who had horses running was Henry Martineer who, in his day, was a great footrunner. His sons, Tot and Fred, were winners of Botany and Carrington Handicaps. They played with Wentworth Rugby Union Football Club, captained by Billy Warbrick, famous New Zealander.

* * *

Another who had horses running was Tom Ivory, a prominent trainer of the day.

* * *

Other owners were Ben Richards, grandfather of club member Ben Richards, and W. J. O'Brien, the proprietor of Tattersall's Hotel. Officials were: W. B. Walford, judge;

W. G. Henfrey, clerk of the course and starter; and Samuel Jenner, treasurer.

Advertisements in the programme included: Christey's Minstrels, New Royal Victoria Theatre; Prince of Wales Opera House, showing Lady Don and the Leopold Family in "The Great Christmas Pantomime"; Madam Sohler's Waxworks Exhibition, 222 Pitt Street.

Races included: Pony Race of 20 sovereigns for ponies not exceeding 14 hands, with a sweepstake of one sovereign each; second pony to receive the sweeps; the winner to be sold by auction immediately after the race for £20; any surplus over that sum to go to the funds; entrance one sovereign; once round the course; catch weights.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

HOUSE Whisky

(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

SIGNALS AT SEA

To ensure regularity it became necessary to divide up the twenty-four hours which make a day and a night into periods of duty, and each period was termed a watch. In the course of time the number of watches has come to be fixed at seven:—

Middle Watch from midnight to 4 a.m. or 0000 to 0400 hours.

Morning Watch from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m. or 0400 to 0800 hours.

Forenoon Watch from 8 a.m. to noon or 0800 to 1200 hours.

Afternoon Watch from noon to 4 p.m. or 1200 to 1600 hours.

First Dog Watch from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. or 1600 to 1800 hours.

Last Dog Watch from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. or 1800 to 2000 hours.

First Watch from 8 p.m. to midnight or 2000 to 0000 hours.

It will be noted that the last watch of the twenty-four hour period is called the First Watch. This is because it is looked on as the first of the night. It will also be observed that the two watches called Dog Watches are only half the length of the others, i.e., two hours instead of four. The reason for this is to make an uneven number of watches in the twenty-four hours and so ensure that the same men do not have to come on duty at the same time every night. It provides for a change over of the irksome periods.

The time is denoted during each watch by strokes on the bell every half hour. Commencing with one stroke for the first half hour and two for the first hour of the watch, one stroke is added every half hour until eight bells are rung. It will be seen that there are always an even number of strokes at the hour and an uneven number at the half hour. As an example, if it be 8 a.m., then eight bells will be struck and the time will be known as "eight bells Morning Watch." At 8.30 a.m. one bell will be struck, and it will then be one bell Forenoon Watch; at 9 o'clock two bells will be struck and at 9.30 three bells, and so on till noon, when eight bells will again be

struck, while the new Afternoon Watch will have one bell at 12.30.

There is little difference in the Dog Watches; for example, 6.30 p.m. is one bell of the Last Dog Watch; 7 p.m. is two bells and 7.30 three bells; but at 8 o'clock, instead of striking four bells, eight bells are struck. The method of ringing the bell is to do so in two groups of two strokes; for example, three bells are struck as follows: two strokes rapidly, a very slight pause, then another stroke. This makes for clarity and renders the number of bells easy to count.

Other exceptional bells are sixteen bells, three bells and nine bells. Sixteen bells are struck at midnight on New Year's Eve to bring in the New Year (i.e., eight bells for each year). An old custom is to strike three single bells after the eight bells at midnight on Christmas Eve in honour of the Christ Child. Nine bells is more a name than a practice. "Waiting for nine bells" is to wait for ever. Tradition also has it that nine bells was long ago a signal for mutiny.

The ship's bell is also used as a signal for fire or collision drill; on these occasions, however, it is rung rapidly and noisily. It is possible to distinguish the collision from the fire signal, because in the former case the foghorn is sounded at the same time, while in the case of fire no foghorn blasts are heard. For Mass, prayers, or religious services the ship's bell is also rung, but on these occasions it is tolled slowly and solemnly. The bell is always struck by a man detailed for the purpose. But the office of bell striker varies in different services and ships. Often he is a sentinel or a man detailed as ship's police. It is his responsibility to strike it in accordance with the ship's clock, two occasions excepted. These two occasions are eight bells Morning Watch (i.e., 8 a.m.) and noon. The ship's colours are hoisted at 8 a.m. and at noon, eight bells is not rung until the ship's position has been ascertained. It will be apparent that the first occasion refers only to

the case of a ship in port and the latter only to a ship at sea.

In connection with the hoisting of colours (that is, the National Ensign) the bugles on a man-of-war sound "attention" and everyone faces aft, the officers saluting. When a band is present, such as on a large warship, it musters on the quarter-deck and plays the National Anthem. If the ship is in a foreign port it is an international custom that it should follow this by playing the Anthem of that country.

At noon, when at sea, the bellstriker waits for the captain's order "Make it so" which is given when the ship's position and time have been reported to him.

When several vessels of a flotilla or squadron are lying in the same anchorage ships' bells are struck together taking the time from the flagship or senior ship. This is very necessary on such occasions as "morning colours" (8 a.m.) in order that the ensigns of all ships may be hoisted together.

At night the ship's bell must be answered promptly by the look-out hails. The purpose of this practice is to ensure that they are at their posts and properly alert. Hails are given in a kind of sing-song manner,

FOURTH VICTORY LOAN "TURF DAY,"

Martin Place,

17th October, 1945.

Members are invited to
subscribe to this Loan
through the Club.

Applications should be
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"TURF DAY,"
TATTERSALL'S CLUB."

T. T. MANNING,
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City Mutual Fire Insurance

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Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

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Your Executor's HEAVY TASK

THE administration of estates is no longer a simple procedure easily handled by a man in his spare time.

The many complex and difficult questions that arise in these times of rapid change call for experience and knowledge such as no one man could possess.

By the appointment of Perpetual Trustee Company (Limited) as your Executor you ensure that your Estate will be managed in the best interests of your family by a group of the Company's highly trained officers, each a specialist in his own sphere, and all working under a Management controlled by a Board of Directors of wide experience.

There is a booklet, "Your Executor and Trustee," which is well worth studying. We shall be pleased to post you a copy upon request.

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H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director.

A. G. ARMYTAGE, Manager.

Trust Funds under Administration exceed £64,000,000.

(The average Estate being less than £10,000.)

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Southern and Riverina District Representative: C. E. Cowdery,
Gurwood Street, Wagga Wagga.

Western District Representative: H. A. Shaw, 140 Lord's
Place, Orange.

The
Prudential

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
(Incorporated in England)

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF
NATIONS.

- Over £136,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans.
- Sums assured and bonuses in force exceed £1,000,000,000.
- Claims paid exceed £764,000,000.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z.
F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z.
R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I., Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z.
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Milk
Cream
Butter
Ice
Fish
Poultry

so that the voice may carry in boisterous weather. Each look-out calls out his duty: "Starboard lookout." "Port lookout," "Lifebuoy," etc.

Two other time signals are in use in naval services, namely, morning and evening gun. It only takes place when ships are in harbour. This duty of "Hailing the morn" devolves on the flagship, or on the senior ship if no flag officer is present. In some services, however, the gun is only fired by a flagship or by a naval shore station.

In any case it must be answered, and this was done in the old days of peace by the sentry of each other naval ship firing a single rifle-shot. If a second flagship was present it was usual for it to fire a small-arms volley—only one gun was therefore fired. The Ensign is not hoisted at morning gun. Evening gun is fired at Last Post, which in naval services is usually 9 p.m., the buglers sounding the call.

There is another time signal at sunset when the colours are hauled

down. This time there is no gun, but the sentries discharge their rifles taking the time from the senior ship. The bugles sound "Sundown."

Special guns may be used for time signals on naval shore stations. Old-time cannon of small calibre are frequently used. Black powder is also customarily supplied. It has the advantage of giving a picturesque cloud of white smoke and the virtue of being cheap.

No one is permitted to touch or tamper with a ship's bell. To do so is to insult the ship. There is one occasion indeed when special precautions are taken officially to prevent this, and that is on New Year's Eve. Shortly before midnight it is the custom to remove the tongue. Sometimes this is done with ceremony. This practice arose because it was once thought lucky among shore folk to ring in the New Year on board ship.

It is a tradition of the sea, however, that the office of striking sixteen bells should be reserved for the youngest person on board.

ANIMAL EDITOR RESIGNS

Lindsay Clinch, New York correspondent of Sydney "Daily Telegraph," wrote:

The anonymous animal editor of a well-known daily paper has written his last animal story and resigned, after writing the following letter to his editor:—

"This is your animal editor's resignation. To-day I heard a dog say 'Mama.' I cannot quarrel with the facts. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kirston, of Alameda, have an 18-month-old Boston bull terrier named Skipper. They rang me yesterday, and put the dog on the phone. I distinctly heard it say 'Mama.' To-day I went out and saw Skipper. He says 'Mama' all right. Your animal editor, in his long career, personally buried Laddy, who pined away when his soldier-owner died. He wrote stories that saved the life of Rowdy, condemned by a court to die. He interviewed the caviare-eating cat, Lord Thomas, of Nob Hill. "But he's damned if he is going to let any dog call him 'Mama.'"

I'LL EARN YOU MONEY WHILE YOU SLEEP!



I am your Victory Bond. You don't buy me, you merely hire me. The moment you do so I go right to work and keep on working 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Even while you sleep I earn you money. So it is good business to hire me. It is also a duty, for I am going to do the things that every Australian wants done. These are: the Repatriation of our service men and women; the care of sick and wounded; the maintenance of occupation troops and those awaiting discharge at home; the provision of vocational training for those who require it. I will also play an important part in preventing inflation. Hire me right away—as many times as you possibly can.

FACTS ABOUT THE 4th VICTORY LOAN.

All you lend will be used only for War and Repatriation. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500, and £1,000, or Inscribed Stock, may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order, Post Office, or Stockbroker.

YOUR MONEY IS NEEDED
IN THE

FOURTH VICTORY LOAN



Let's finish the job!

RACING FIXTURES

1945

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. Saturday, 6th
A.J.C. Saturday, 13th
City Tattersall's Saturday, 20th
Rosebery Saturday, 27th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat., 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat., 24th

DECEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 1st
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 8th
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 15th
A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C. Wednesday, 26th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 29th
Tattersall's Club,
Tuesday, 1st January, 1946

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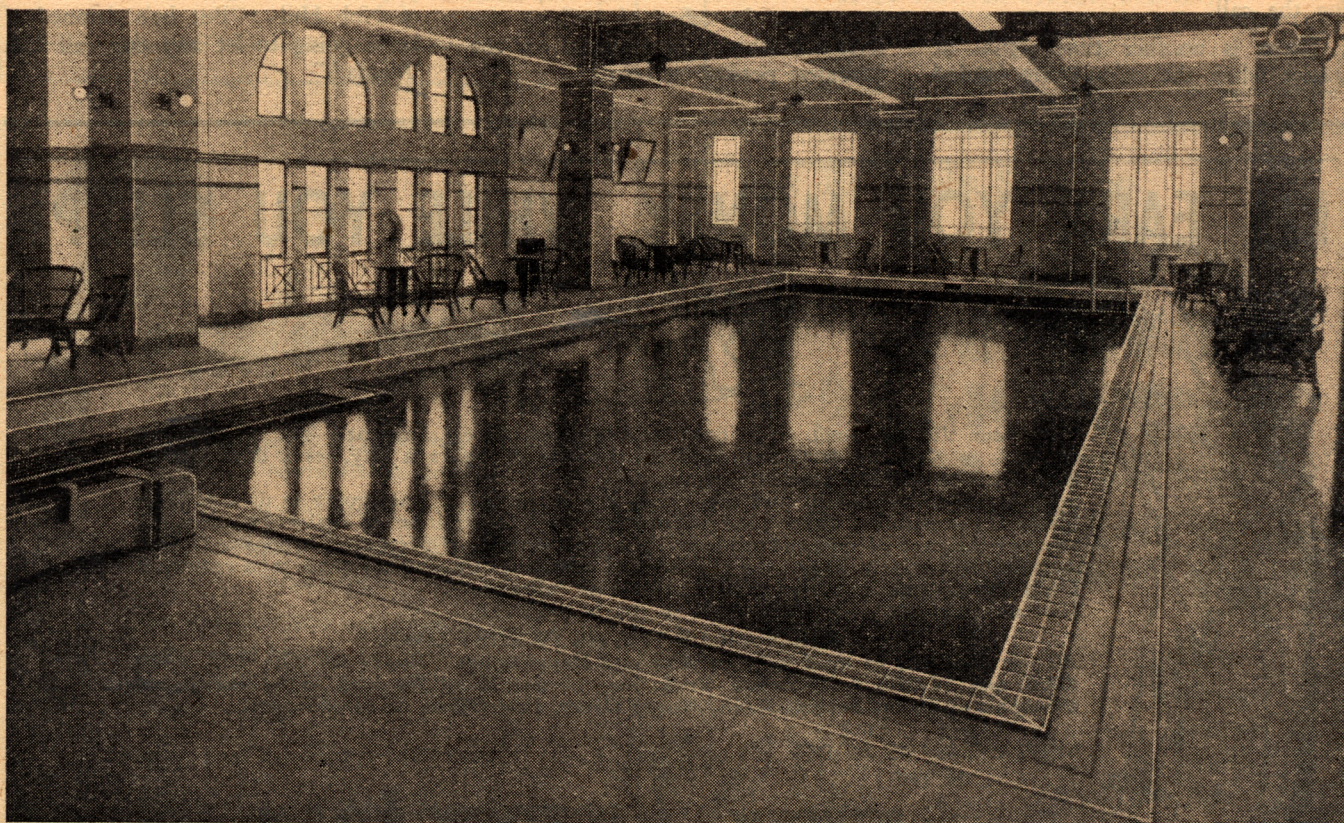
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WYNYARD SQUARE



Major-General G. B. Wynyard.

BOUNDED by York and Carrington Streets and running from Wynyard to Margaret Streets, Wynyard Square still conforms in shape to the historic pattern of the Barrack Square by which name it was known over a century ago.

Then it was the centre of interest in the military life of the colony. Church parades were held in Barrack Square in those more picturesque days with their accompanying glory of red coats and pipe clay—shining buttons and glittering accoutrements—the panoply of war which today looks like pantomime.

In 1802, Captains Baudin and Hamelin, commanding a French scientific expedition, touched at Port Jackson and left with us an interesting account of their visit to Sydney.

Accompanying the text is a very carefully compiled map of the township with a kind of index to all the principal features. In the map we find a row of buildings marking the locality of Wynyard Square and, referring to the index, gain the information that here were situated the military barracks believed to have been erected by Governor Phillip in 1792.

The buildings were said to be of brick with tiled roof and built as they were on the summit of a commanding elevation, they apparently formed a prominent landmark, conspicuous in the early views of Sydney.

In 1808 Lieut. Governor Foveaux added considerably to the earlier accommodation of the Barracks as overcrowding was becoming a serious problem and consequently the buildings were sometimes spoken of as Foveaux's Barracks.

The main entrance to the Barracks was then by way of George Street, and the whole area from what is now Jamieson Street, as far as Barrack Street, was enclosed by a substantial stone wall, the space within being used for parades and exercises.

In "Picture of Sydney and Strangers' Guide to N.S.W.", dated 1838, we are told that on entering the George Street gate of the Barracks, the guardhouse stood on the left hand side and that, in the centre of the square was erected a fountain supported by nine pillars with an attached sundial.

It is further mentioned in this book that the gates were shut at 9 p.m. in the summer and 8.30 p.m. in the winter by which times every soldier was required to be within the garrison.

The late Sir James Fairfax, in a paper read before the Royal Australian Historical Society some years ago, has given some interesting facts relating to the old Barracks. Sir James said: "Beginning a little to the north of Jamieson Street and ending opposite the corner of David

Jones & Co., the military barracks were bounded by George, Clarence and Barrack Streets, while the houses and yards in Jamieson Street backed on the principal boundary wall at the north end; the principal entrance was midway between Barrack Street and Wynyard Streets—opposite Piddington's bookshop. Wynyard Square occupied the central part of the old parade ground and the Barracks were open until sundown for pedestrian and vehicular traffic. It was one of the gay sights of Sydney to visit them and witness the drilling of 600 or more soldiers in their brilliant uniforms.

In 1848 the 11th Regiment marched out and took up its new headquarters at Victoria Barracks and the Government proceeded to sell in allotments the site of the old Barracks. Several plans were submitted for this and the one favoured by the select Committee appointed was that the park should occupy the George Street site from Wynyard Street to Margaret Street but this plan was rejected as it was estimated to bring in £6,000 less than the one eventually adopted under the scheme of Mr. W. M. Lewis, the Government Architect.

So for the sake of under £10,000 the Government lost, perhaps for all time, the opportunity of widening and beautifying George Street.

The Square was named after Major-General G. B. Wynyard, who commanded the garrison when the land was cut up.

The first sale was authorised on August 15th, 1849 and these continued until 1853.

Prices obtained for land in the Wynyard Square area in those days would bring envy to the heart of the speculator of today. At the first sale £12 per foot was obtained for the land fronting Wynyard, Margaret and Carrington Streets, £25 and up to £40 for the George Street frontage and £10 a foot for blocks in York Street!

Building in the Square did not proceed with any great rapidity, the main reason being that probably at this time the gold rush was in full swing and consequently labour was scarce and cost of materials high. In 1858 there was only one building on the York Street site, a Georgian style, three-storey villa. Mrs. Hunter-Baillie built the house and occupied it until her death in 1897.

A building erected in Carrington Street was occupied for a time by the Union Club, which however removed to Bligh Street in 1859; the property was then used as a Town Hall from 1860 to 1868, but after the council removed to Carlton Terrace on the opposite side of York Street, the building became the Imperial Hotel. Pfahler's Hotel stood on the corner of Margaret Street—at first the German Club was located there; then for 5 years Cohen's Family Hotel, and from 1875, Pfahler's Hotel.

Doctors and dentists early took up residence in the Square and gradually this part of the growing city became a commercial and residential mixture of attractive homes, merchants' premises, fashionable boarding houses and professional chambers.

Wynyard Square was not created a public park till so dedicated on October 10th, 1887; prior to this it was a private recreation ground to the surrounding residents who were furnished with keys to the gate. The first rude awakening that their privacy was to be disturbed came in 1863 with the erection of the temporary wooden Post Office which occupied one-third of the Park and remained there for 11 years until the G.P.O. alterations were completed.

In 1887 the Government appointed trustees for the public lands which formed Wynyard Square and then Charles Moore, who did so much for our gardens and open spaces, turned the waste-land into a park. It was then that Carrington Street was named in honour of Lord Carrington, Governor of New South Wales from 1885 to 1890.

Surrounded by solid business houses, hotels and even homes, the Square slept in civic calm for about 40 years and then with the coming of the city railway great alterations took place resulting in the pleasant well-designed and much-needed place of respite today.

It is long since the first garrison troops of the Imperial Forces marched in all their splendour of uniform to church parade. And yet, even today, in the changed and busy commercial aspect of the spot, there are definite traces, and still an indefinable atmosphere, of those days in Sydney when what we call modern progress was but in the making.

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